

# THE TRAGEDIE OF Troilus and Cressida.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus.

*Troilus.*  
All here my Varler, Ile vname againe.  
Why should I warre without the wals of Troy  
That finde such cruell battell here within?  
Each Troian that is master of his heart,  
Let him to field, *Troilus* alas hath none.

*Pan.* Will this geere nere be mended?  
*Troy.* The Greeks are strong, & skilful to their strength,  
Fierce to their skill, and to their fiercenesse Valiant:  
But I am weaker then a womans teare;  
Tamer then sleepe, fonder then ignorance;  
Lesse valiant then the Virgin in the night,  
And skillesse as vnpractis'd Infancie.

*Pan.* Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my  
part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will  
haue a Cake out of the Wheate, must needs tarry the  
grinding.

*Troy.* Haue I not tarried?  
*Pan.* I the grinding; but you must tarry the bolting.  
*Troy.* Haue I not tarried?  
*Pan.* I the bolting; but you must tarry the seau'ing.  
*Troy.* Still haue I tarried.

*Pan.* I, to the leaueing: but heeres yet in the word  
hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the  
heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you must stay  
the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

*Troy.* Patience her selfe, what Goddesse ere she be,  
Doth lesse blench at sufferance, then I doe:  
At Priams Royall Table doe I sit;  
And when faire *Cressid* comes into my thoughts,  
So (Traitor) then she comes, when she is thence.

*Pan.* Well:  
Shee look'd yesternight fairer, then euer I saw her looke,  
Or any woman else.

*Troy.* I was about to tell thee, when my heart,  
As wedged with a sigh, would rine in twaine,  
Least *Hector*, or my Father should perceiue me:  
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-scorne)  
Buried this sigh, in wrinkle of a smile:  
But sorrow, that is couch'd in seeming gladnesse,  
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to sudden sadnesse.

*Pan.* And her haire were not somewhat darker then  
*Helen*, well go too, there were no more comparifon be-  
tweene the Women. But for my part she is my Kinswo-  
man, I would not (as they tearme it) praise it, but I would

some-body had heard her talke yesterday as I did: I will  
not dispraise your sister *Cassandra*'s wit, but

*Troy.* Oh *Pandarus*! I tell thee *Pandarus*,  
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:  
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe  
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad  
In *Cressids* loue. Thou answer'st she is Faire,  
Pow'r it in the open Vicer of my heart,  
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,  
Handlest in thy discourse. O that her Hand  
(In whose comparifon, all whites are Inke)  
Writing their owne reproach; to whose soft seizure,  
The Cignets Downe is harff, and spirit of Sense  
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'st me;  
As true thou tel'st me, when I say I loue her:  
But saying thus, instead of Oyle and Balme,  
Thou la'st in euery gash, that loue hath giuen me,  
The Knife that made it.

*Pan.* I speake no more then truth.

*Troy.* Thou do'st not speake so much.

*Pan.* Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as shee is,  
if she be faire, 'tis the better for her: and she be not, she  
hath the meads in her owne hands.

*Troy.* Good *Pandarus*: How now *Pandarus*?

*Pan.* I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought  
on of her, and ill thought of of you: Gone betweene and  
betweene, but small thanks for my Labour.

*Troy.* What art thou angry *Pandarus*? what with me?  
*Pan.* Because she's Kinsome to me, therefore shee's not  
so faire as *Helen*, and she were not so to me, she would  
be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what  
care I? I care not and she were a Black-a-Moore, 'tis all  
one to me.

*Troy.* Say I she is not faire?

*Troy.* I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a  
Foole to stay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks,  
and so Ile tell her the next time I see her: for my part, Ile  
meddle nor make no more in't matter.

*Troy.* *Pandarus*? *Pan.* Not I.

*Troy.* Sweete *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* Pray you speake no more to me, I will leaue all  
as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarm.

*Tro.* Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude sounds,  
Pooles on both sides, *Helen* must needs be faire,  
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus,  
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

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It is too flau'd a subiect for my Sword,  
But *Pandarus*: O Gods! How do you plague me?  
I cannot come to *Cressid* but by *Pandarus*,  
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,  
As she is stubborne, chaff, against all suite.  
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue  
What *Cressid* is, what *Pandarus*, and what we:  
Her bed is *India*, there she lies, a Pearle,  
Between our *Ilium*, and where shee recides  
Let it be cald the wild and wandering flood,  
Our selfe the Merchant, and this saying *Pandarus*,  
Our doubtfull hope, our couuoys and our Barke.

*Alarm.* Enter *Aeneas*.

*Aeneas.* How now Prince *Troilus*?

Wherefore not a field?

*Troy.* Because not there; this womans answer sorts.

For womanish it is to be from thence:

What newes *Aeneas* from the field to day?

*Aeneas.* That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

*Troy.* By whom *Aeneas*?

*Aeneas.* *Troilus* by *Menelaus*.

*Troy.* Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a scar to scorne.

*Aeneas.* Harke what good sport is out of Towne to day.

*Troy.* Better at home, if would I might were may:

But to the sport abroad, are you bound thither?

*Aeneas.* In all swift hast.

*Troy.* Come goe wee then together.

*Exeunt.*

Enter *Cressid* and her man.

*Cre.* Who were those went by?

*Man.* Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen*.

*Cre.* And whether go they?

*Man.* Vp to the Easterne Tower,

Whose height commands as subiect all the vaile,

To see the battell: *Hector* whose patience,

Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:

He chides *Andromache* and strooke his Armorer, &

And like as there were husbandry in Warre

Before the Sunne rose, hee was harrest lyte,

And to the field goe's he; where euery flower

Did as a Prophet weepe what it forswaw,

In *Hectors* wrath.

*Cre.* What was his cause of anger?

*Man.* The noife goe's this;

There is among the Greekes,

A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,

They call him *Alex*.

*Cre.* Good; and what of him?

*Man.* They say he is a very man per se and stands alone.

*Cre.* So do all men, vnlesse they are drunke, sicke, or

haue no legges.

*Man.* This man Lady, hath rob'd many beafts of their  
particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churlish  
as the Beare, slow as the Elephant: a man into whom  
nature hath so crowded humors, that his valour is crust  
into folly; his folly fauced with discretion: there is no  
man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpse of, nor a  
ny man attaine, but he carries some staine of it. He is  
melancholy without cause, and merry against the haire,  
hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing so  
out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands  
and no vfe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no sight.

*Cre.* But how should this man that makes me smile,

make *Hector* angry?

*Man.* They say he yesterday cop'd *Hector* in the bat-

tell and stroke him downe, the didaind & shame where-

of, hath euer since kept *Hector* fasting and waking.

Enter *Pandarus*.

*Cre.* Who comes here?

*Man.* Madam your Vncle *Pandarus*.

*Cre.* *Hectors* a gallant man.

*Man.* As may be in the world Lady.

*Pan.* What's that? what's that?

*Cre.* Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus*.

*Pan.* Good morrow Cozen *Cressid*: what do you talke  
of? good morrow *Alexander*: how do you Cozen? when  
were you at *Ilium*?

*Cre.* This morning Vncle.

*Pan.* What were you talking of when I came? Was  
*Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to *Ilium*? *Hellen* was  
not vp? was she?

*Cre.* *Hector* was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

*Pan.* Eene so; *Hector* was stirring early.

*Cre.* That were we talking of, and of his anger.

*Pan.* Was he angry?

*Cre.* So he saies here.

*Pan.* True he was so; I know the cause too, heele lay  
about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troilus*  
will not come farre behind him, let them take heede of  
*Troilus*; I can tell them that too.

*Cre.* What is he angry too?

*Pan.* Who *Troilus*?

*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

*Cre.* Oh *Iupiter*; there's no comparifon.

*Pan.* What not betweene *Troilus* and *Hector*? do you  
know a man if you see him?

*Cre.* If I euer saw him before and knew him.

*Pan.* Well I say *Troilus* is *Troilus*.

*Cre.* Then you say as I say.

For I am sure he is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* No not *Hector* is not *Troilus* in some degrees.

*Cre.* 'Tis iust, to each of them he is himselfe.

*Pan.* Himselfe? alas poore *Troilus* I would he were.

*Cre.* So he is.

*Pan.* Condition I had gone bare-foote to *India*.

*Cre.* He is not *Hector*.

*Pan.* Himselfe? no? hee's not himselfe, would a were  
himselfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or  
end: well *Troilus* well, I would my heart were in her bod-  
dy; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troilus*.

*Cre.* Excuse me.

*Pan.* He is elder.

*Cre.* Pardon me, pardon me.

*Pan.* Th'others not come too't, you shall tell me ano-  
ther tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* shall not  
haue his will this yeare.

*Cre.* He shall not neede it if he haue his owne.

*Pan.* Nor his qualities.

*Cre.* No matter.

*Pan.* Nor his beautie.

*Cre.* 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

*Pan.* You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her selfe  
swore th'other day, that *Troilus* for a browne fauour (for  
so 'tis I must confesse) not browne neither.

*Cre.* No, but browne.

*Pan.* Faith to say truth, browne and not browne.

*Cre.* To say the truth, true and not true.

*Pan.* Shee prais'd his complexion about *Paris*.

*Cre.* Why *Paris* hath colour enough.

*Pan.* So he has.

*Cre.* Then *Troilus* should haue too much, if shee prais'd  
him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing  
colour